

STORY OF A CRIME.

"A Deed without a Name."

MONTREAL, 1885.

In the land of the Canucks,
In the valley of St. Lawrence,
In the city of Mount Royal,
Lives a people, French and English,
Lives a people fond of pleasure,
Lives a people so neglectful
Of the dirt and filth abounding
In their streets, and lanes, and alleys,
In their houses, yards and bodies,
That the dread disease zymotic—
Which delights in dirt and filth—
Found a dwelling in Mount Royal,
Found a home in filth abounding,
In the east end of Mount Royal.
There in filth it luxuriated,
Grew in strength and virulence,

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Whilst the City Fathers busied,
Busied o'er the spoils and contracts,
Cared not, thought not, of the monster,
That was knawing at our vitals,
Slaughtering children by the score ;
Till their cries for help and pity
Reached the papers, *Star* and *Witness*—
Star and *Witness*, of Mount Royal.
Then these papers, moved by pity,
Cried in tones of fear and frenzy,
We must find a powerful magic,
Magic that will save our people
From the horrid plague small-pox,
That is killing off our children,—
Children of both French and English,
In their homes of dirt and filth.
(Still the filth and dirt abounded,
And was left to accumulate.)
What the papers looked for, sought for,
Wished for, longed for, was a *fetish* ;
Not clean homes, and lives and bodies,
Something wonderful and magic,—

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To hoodwink and fool the people,
 People of both French and English.
 So the papers, *Star* and *Witness*,
 Called on doctors learned and wise,
 Asking and beseeching of them
 Something wonderful, mysterious,
 To "stamp out" the plague, small-pox.
 All the doctors met in council,
 French and English came together,
 Looking owlsh and mysterious,
 To prepare a powerful *fetish* ;
Fetish that would save the people
 From the dread disease zymotic,
 Now grown strong, in filth abounding.
 They selected for their chairman
 Dr. Peacock, noted for his arrogance,
 Who appeared upon the platform
 Holding in his hand a paper,
 On which was written words of magic ;
 Words describing a rare *fetish*
 That would save, would save the people
 From the dread disease, small-pox.

Dr. Peacock read the paper
 Which described this powerful *fetish*,
 And in tone of voice commanding
 He directed all the doctors,
 All the doctors, French and English,
 To accept it as their *fetish*—
 As the true and only *fetish*
 That could “stamp out” the small-pox.
 All the doctors bowed their heads,
 Bowed their heads in humble worship
 All save ONE, who said he couldn’t—
 Said he wouldn’t—bow his head to any *fetish*,
 Bow his head to naught but TRUTH.
 Then the doctors made a rumpus;
 Such a roaring, rousing rumpus,
 In which the dainty Peacock joined;
 Strutting up and down the platform,
 Scolding like a market huckster,
 Crying out in fretful anger,
 It is Dr. A. M. Ross—(our Nemesis)—
 Who dares to doubt this mighty *fetish*—
 Dares to question and defy us

In our council hall this day ?
 Cries and shouts of " Put him out !"
 Rose from doctors French and English.
 Put him out they didn't dare to,
 Thought the job too heavy for them ;
 But they passed a vote of censure,
 Hoping that would crush and ruin him,—
 Crush and ruin the only doctor
 Who had dared to doubt the *fetish*.
 Then the papers, *Star* and *Witness*,
 Took the *fetish* from the doctors :
 Took the *fetish* to their sanctums :
 Welcomed they the powerful *fetish*,—
Fetish that was sure to save them,
 Save them from the plague zymotic.
 Then the papers, *Star* and *Witness*,
 Joined in daily song and chorus
 O'er the virtues of their *fetish* ;
 But the people, French and English,
 Were both slow and apathetic
 To believe the *Star* and *Witness*—
 Though these papers cried Alarm !

Naught can save you but our *fetish* !
Fetish that you must believe in,
Fetish that you must bow down to
 And receive into your bodies,
 In the innermost recesses
 Of your very souls and bodies,
 And the bodies of your children.
 Still the people would not listen, —
 Listen to the threats and urgings
 Daily made by *Star* and *Witness* ;
 But these papers were relentless,
 And determined that the people
 Should *en masse* be made to worship,
 And shell out their hard-earned dollars
 To the Vaccine Calf erected
 By the doctors as their *fetish*.
 Meetings of the rich and powerful
 Must at once be called to aid them,—
 Aid the papers, *Star* and *Witness*,
 In their crusade 'gainst the people
 Who despised and loathed the *fetish*.
 Came the rich men of Mount Royal,

Came the Smithers, Gaults and Allans,
 Came the Torrances, Drummonds, Stephens,
 Came the Clergy of Mount Royal,
 Came the Methodists and Presbyterians,
 Came the Baptists and Episcopalians,
 High Church, Low Church, met together,
 Joined the doctors and the papers
 In their fetishness and cries ;
 Brokers, bankers, merchant tailors,
 Manufacturers, grocers, nailers,
 Priests and doctors met together
 And denounced the anti-vaccinator
 Who alone in all Mount Royal
 Would not bow down to the *fetish*,
 Or acknowledge that the doctors
 Had the right to force the people :
 Force the people, French and English,
 To receive into their bodies,
 And the bodies of their children,
 The foul *virus* of a beast.
 Then the papers, *Star* and *Witness*,
 Bolder grew and more defiant ;

They demanded that the workmen—
 The poor workmen of the city—
 Should receive into their bodies
 The filthy *virus* of their *fetish*.
 Not a murmur must be uttered,
 Nothing but to bare their strong arms,
 And admit the filthy *fetish*
 In the innermost recesses
 Of their very souls and bodies.
 If the workingmen refuse
 Thus to sacrifice and worship,
 And shell out their hard-earned dollars
 To the Vaccine Calf erected
 By the papers and the doctors :
 Turn them out of their employment,
 Let their wives and children starve ;
 Workmen have no right to *think* !
 Their's it is to toil and labor,
 Yield obedience to the doctors,
 Who grow rich at their expense.
 Day by day the *Star* and *Witness*
 Lashed the people into fear ;

Lashed them into dread and panic,
 Till the clerks, both men and women,
 Rushed in hundreds to the shambles,
 Shambles of the greedy doctors
 Who are gathering in the dollars—
 Dollars from the poor and needy.
 And the school-boys brisk and hearty,
 They must yield their little arms
 And admit into their bodies
 Vaccine virus from the fetish—
 Fetish that now rules supreme.
 And the little girls so pretty,
 Pretty, innocent and pure,
 They, too, must receive the fetish,
 Fetish that may mar their beauty,
 Health and beauty for their lives.
 Still the dread disease, zymotic,
 Nourished by the filth abounding
 In the lanes, and streets and dwellings,
 Where the Board of Health had left it,
 (While they worshipped the sham fetish
 Set up by the greedy doctors,)

Grew more destructive day by day,
 Slaughtering children by the score,
 Till eight hundred empty cradles
 Spoke in tones of solemn warning
 'Gainst the worship of a fetish ;
 Fetish powerless to save them
 From the dread disease small-pox.
 But the doctors and the papers
 More remorseless grew each day—
 In their purpose that the people
 Should *en masse* be vaccinated,
 Or they'd know the reason why.
 An old and barbarous law was found
 Suited to their brutal purpose :
 This the doctors brushed up, fixed up,
 And in working order got it,
 That they might break down the spirit
 Of the people who defied them—
 Who despised their filthy fetish.
 Then the vaccinating doctors
 Sang a song of joy and gladness,
 Rubbed their palms in expectation

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Of the dollars they would capture
From the people of Mount Royal.
Orders now were issued quickly
To the greedy vaccinators
To begin their loathsome work,
Backed up by the law and papers.
At this, the people, stirred to madness,
On September twenty-nine,
Rose in anger and defiance,
Stormed the office in the East End
Where the fetish had been set up,
Tore the doors and windows out,
Burnt the Hingston vaccine pamphlets
(With other rubbish of that kind,)
And the hated "Picotte" cards—
Smashed the houses of the doctors,
(The vile, vaccinating crew)
Marched in triumph through the city
And attacked the City Hall,
Frightening doctors and policemen
Till they shook with fear and frenzy,
Till they found a place of safety

'Neath the tables and the sofas
 Where the Aldermen preside.
 Now the people, French and English,
 French and English of Mount Royal,
 Hate the papers, hate the doctors,
 Hate the vaccinating robbers,
 Who have brought them to this state
 By their false cries and alarms.
 All the merchants, bankers, millers,
 Find their business going to ruin,
 Find their notes and debts increasing,
 Find their debtors cannot pay,
 'Cause the city is "boycotted"
 As a plague spot, foul and bad ;
 All the railroads, hotels, steamboats,
 Going to ruin and decay,
 All because the greedy doctors,
 And the papers, *Star* and *Witness*,
 Made a panic without cause,
 Urging faith in a false fetish,
 Fetish, powerless to save us
 From the filth disease, smallpox.

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Orders now are issued daily,
Issued from the Health (?) Department,
That the doctors and detectives
(Companionable creatures)
Must, like bloodhounds, seek their prey ;
Go from house to house together,
Searching every hole and corner,
Prying in each nook and cranny,
For the babies and the children
Whom the mothers and the nurses
Have secreted from the Herods—
Worse than Herods—vaccinators !
Now the people of Mount Royal,
Coralled in their doomed city,
None can 'scape the vaccine doctors,
Without worshipping the fetish,
Fetish that has failed to stamp out,
Fetish that has surely stamped in
The filthy plague smallpox.
Hundreds of our little children,
Hurried to untimely graves,
Have been sent there by this fetish,

Since the twenty-third of May.
 Never yet was a great city
 Cursed with such imbeciles
 As rule to-day in old Mount Royal.
 Shame ! on the cowardly crew,
 Who have wrought our city's ruin
 By their panics and alarms !
 Now the people, French and English,
 French and English of Mount Royal,
 Are surrounded on all sides
 By a corps of vaccinators,
 Armed with lancets, slips or points.
 None can 'scape their filthy fetish.
 All the railroads, steamboats, crossroads,
 Leading from the doomed city,
 Guarded are by vaccinators.
 Vaccinators on the right,
 Vaccinators on the left,
 Vaccinators in front,—
 None can 'scape the vaccinators,
 Except, through fine or prison !
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Of the cowardly crime committed
 By the papers *Star* and *Witness*,
 Instigated by the doctors,
 On the people of Mount Royal.

MONTREAL, 1985.

In the city of Mount Royal
 Lives a people, clean and healthy,
 Who have read in books of story
 Of the follies of their fathers—
 Just one hundred years before—
 How they trusted in a fetish ;
 Fetish they were told could save them
 From a dread disease zymotic,
 Long since banished from our planet
 By the use of soap and water.
 Now the streets are clean and tidy,
 Nowhere now can filth be seen ;
 All the yards and lanes and alleys
 Free from smelis and sights unclean.
 Now the doctors are kept busy—

Not in forcing vaccination
 'Gainst the wishes of the people,
 But in teaching little children
 How to grow up strong and healthy,
 Strong and healthy, good and wise ;
 And the papers, *Star* and *Witness*,
Star and *Witness* of the time,
 Are employed in teaching people
 All the virtues of hygiene.
 And the people they are happy
 In their homes of health and beauty ;
 Homes, where CLEANLINESS presides.

M. L. L. L.
 2/10-10 1885

